

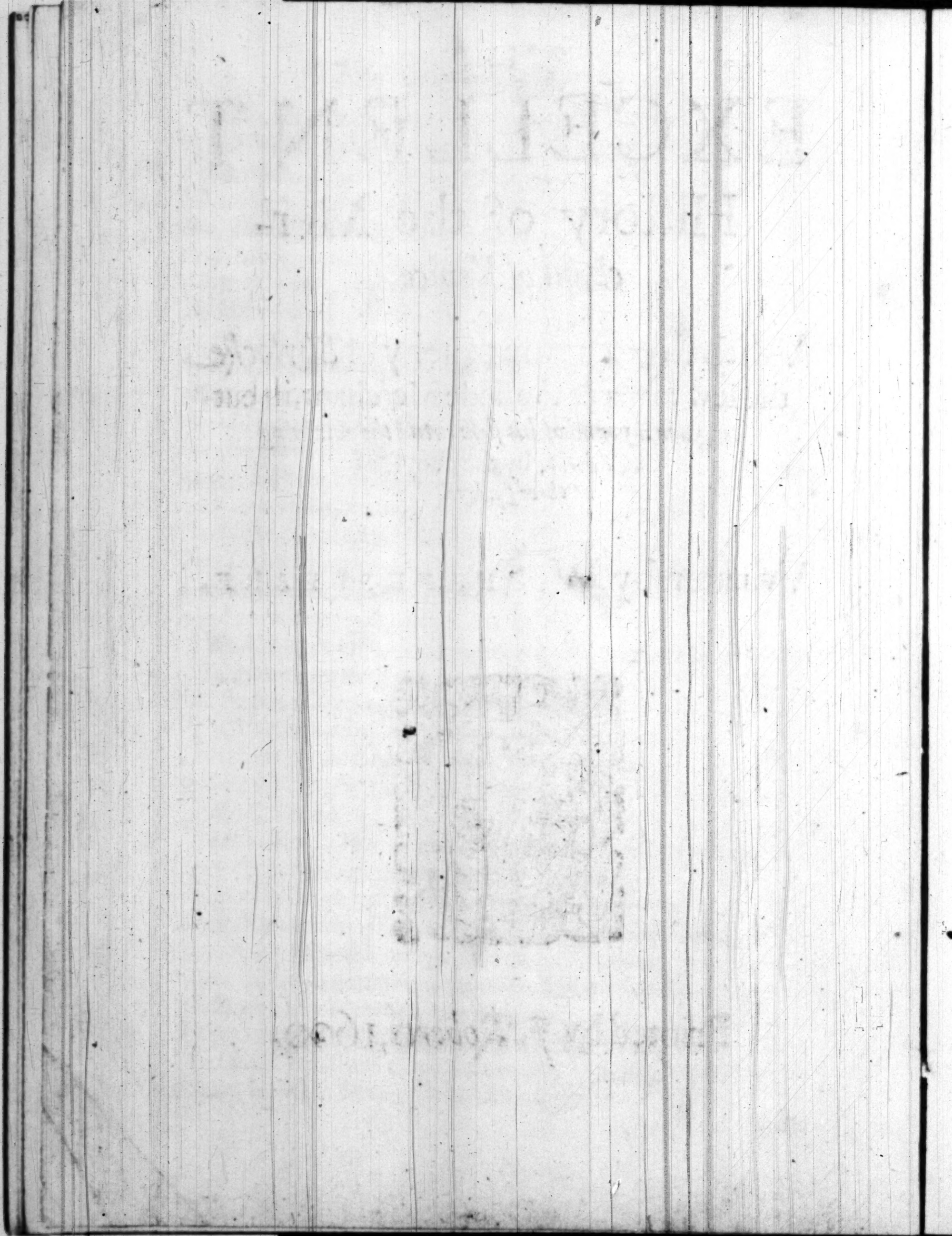
THE
EXCELLENT
History of the Mer-
chant of Venice.

With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke*
the Jew towards the saide Merchant, in cut-
ting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining
of *Portia*, by the choyse of
three Caskets.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.



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The Comical History of the *Merchant of Venice.*

Enter Antonio, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Antonio. Insooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe tis made off, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: & such a want-wit sadness makes
of me,

That I haue much adoe to know my selfe.

Salaryno. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly sayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That curse to them, do them reuerence
As they flie by them with their wouen wings.

Salanio. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse, to know where sits the winde,
Piering in Maps, for Ports, for Peeres and Rodes;
And euery obiekt that might make me feare.
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

A 3

Salary.

The Comical History of

Salar. My winde cooling my brooke,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great at sea, might do.
I should not see the sandy howre-glassie runne,
But I should thinke of shallowes, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dockes in sand,
Veyling her high top lower then her ribs,
To kisse her buriall. Should I go to Church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rockes,
Which touching but my gentle vessels side,
Would scatter all the spices on the fireaine,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes;
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought,
That such a thing be-chanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Antonie*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no: I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeare:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Then y'are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Salar. Not in loue neither? Then let vs say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will tuckmore peepe through their eies,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'l not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter.

The Merchant of Venice.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*: Farewell,
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not presented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne businesse calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. Wee'l make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you have found *Antonio*,
we two will leave you; but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you.

Exit.

Grat. You looke not well signior *Antonio*,
You have too much respect vpon the world:
They loose it that do buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery one must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grat. Let me play the foole,
with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my Liver rather heate with wine;
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfire cut in Alabaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Jaundies.
By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Antonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that speaks.
There are a sort of men, whose vilages

The Comical History of

Doe dreame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am fir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog barke.
O my *Antonio*, I do know of those
That therefore onely are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares,
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite,
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, farwell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

An. Farwell, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a maide not vendable.

Exeunt.

An. It is that any thing now.

Bass. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then
any man in all *Venice*, his reasons are as two graines of wheate
hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you
finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the
search.

Ant. Well, tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.

Bass. Tis not vnknowne to you *Antonio*,
How much I haue disabled mine estate,

By

the Merchant of Venice.

By something shewing a more swelling port,
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance,
Nor do I now make moane to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd : to you *Antonio*,
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warranty
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Antho. I pray you good *Bassanio*, let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfe-same flight
The selfe-same way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduentring both,
I oft found both : I vrge this child-hood prooffe,
Because what followes, is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoote the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayre or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and heerein spend but time
To winde about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my vttermost,
Then if you had made waste of all I haue :
Then do but say to me, what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And:

The Comical History of

And I am prest vnto it, therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*; nothing vnder-valew'd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny lockes
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
which makes her seat of *Belmont*, *Colchos* strand,
And many *Iasons* comes in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riual place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity,
To raise a present summe. Therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do,
That shall be rackt ouen to the vttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to saire *Portia*.
Go presently enquire, and so will I
where money is, and I no question make,
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt

Enter Portia with her waiting Woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerissa*, my little body is a wearie of
this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the
same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I
see, they are as sick that surfet with too much, as they that starue
with nothing; it is no meane happinesse therefore to be seated
in the meane, superfluity comes sooner by white haire, but
competency liues longer.

Per.

the Merchant of Venice.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do, were as easie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages, Princes Pallaces; it is a good diuine that followes his owne instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, then to be one of the twenty to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsell the cripple; but this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband; O me, the word choose, I may neyther choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the will of a liuing daughter curbd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard *Nerissa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lottry that he hath deuised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, no doubt you wil neuer be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suters that are already come?

Por. I prethee ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description, leuell at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for hee doth nothing but talke of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation vnto his owne good parts, that he can shoo himselfe: I am much afeard my Lady his Mother plaid false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, if you will not haue me, choose; he heares merry tales and smiles not, I feare he will prooue the weeping Philosopher whē he growes old, being so full of vnmannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather be married to a deaths-head with a bone in his mouth, then

The Comical History of

to eyther of these : God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, *Mounfier le Bonne* ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palatine, hee is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, hee fals straight a capring, hee will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands : if he would despise me, I would forgie him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I shall neuer requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of England ?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he vnderstands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and sweare that I haue a poore penniworth in the English : he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a dumbe show ? how odly he is suted, I think he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behauiour euery where.

Nerissa. What thinke you of the Scottish Lord his Neighbour ?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and swore he wold pay him againe when he was able : I thinke the Frenchman became his surety, and scald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonyes* nephew ?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoone when he is drunke : when he is best, hee is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst he is little better then a beast ; and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your fathers wil, if you shold refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I prethee set a deep glasse of
of

the Merchant of Venice.

of Reynish Wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell bee within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing *Nerissa*, ere ile be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not feare Lady, the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more sute, vnlesse you may be won by some other sort then your fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, vnlesse I bee obtained by the manner of my fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; & I pray God grant them a faire departure.

Ner. Do you not remember Lady in your fathers time, a *Venetian* Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in company of the Marquesse of *Mountferrat*?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke he was so call'd.

Ner. True Maddam, he of all the men that euer my foolish eyes lookt vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

How now, what newes?

Enter a seruingman.

Ser. The foure strangers seeke for you Madame, to take their leaue; and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Master will be heere to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome, with so good a heart as I can bid the other foure farwell, I should be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complection of a diuell, I had rather he should shriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerissa*, sirra go before: whiles we shut the gates vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Bass. I six, for three months.

B. 2

Shy.

The Comical History of

Shy. For three moneths, well.

Bass. For the which as I told you,
Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three moneths,
and *Antonio* bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying hee is a good man, is to haue you vnderstand me, that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I vnderstand moreover vpon the *Ryalta*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, & other ventu- res he hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boards, Say- lers but men; there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding suffici- ent, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke me, may I speake with *Antonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Shy. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the *Nazarite* coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so fol- lowing: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the *Ryalto*, who is he comes heere?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signiour *Antonio*.

Shy. How like a fawning Publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian:

But

the Merchant of Venice.

But more, for that in lowe simplicity
He lends out mony gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance heere with vs in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
Euen there where Merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he cals interest : Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgiue him.

Bass. Shylocke, do you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere guesse of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats : what of that ?
Tuball, a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe,
Will furnish me ; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire ? Rest you faire good Signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. Shylocke, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giuing of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome : are you resolu'd,
How much he would haue ?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three moneths.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond : and let me see, but heare you,
Me-thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I do neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vnckle *Labans* sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise Mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possesser ; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest ?

The Comicall History of

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyzd,
That all the canelings which were streakt and pied,
Should fall as *Jacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In th'end of Autume turned to the Rams,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the acte,
The skilfull shepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceiuing, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambes, and those were *Jacobs*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir, that *Jacob* ser'ud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and siluer, Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast,
But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnessse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falshood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)

You

the Merchant of Venice.

You call me misbeleuer, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my *Iewish* gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would haue monies, you say so:
You that did voyd your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, money is your sute,
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A curre can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on wendsday last,
You spurn'd me such a day another time,
You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyte
Of vsance for my monies, and you'l not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I show,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merry sport,

The Comicall History of

If you repay me not on such a day
In such a place, such summe or summes as are
Exprest in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content ifaith, ile seale to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the *Jew*.

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessity.

An. Why feare not man, I will not forget it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect returne
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: pray you tell me this,
If he should breake his day, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neyther
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goats, I say,
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it so, if not adiew,

And for my loue, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearefull guard
Of an vnthrifty knaue; and presently
Ile be with you.

Ant. Hie thee gentle *Jew*: the Hebrew will turne Christian,
he growes so kinde.

Bass. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay.

Exit.

My

the Merchant of Venice.

My ships come home a month before the day.

Exeunt

*Enter Morochus, a tawny Moore all in white, and three or
foure followers accordingly, with Portia,
Nerrissa, & their traine.*

Moroc. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring the fairest creature North-ward borne,
VVhere Phœbus fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let vs make incision for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant (by my Loue I sweare)
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Hath lou'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle *Queene*.

Por. In termes of choise I am not soly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes.
Besides, the Lottry of my destiny
Barres me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune. By this Semitaur
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian Prince,
That wonne three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that looke:
Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the shee-Bear,

C

Yea,

The Comicall History of

Yea, mocke the Lyon when he rores for prey,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychnis* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading mee,
Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And dye with greeuing.

Portia. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Neuer to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be ad uisde.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me to my chance

Por. First forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest, or cursedt among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run from
this Iew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me
saying to mee, *Gobbo*, *Lancelet Gobbo*, good *Lancelet*, or good
Gobbo, or good *Lancelet Gobbo*, vse your legges, take the starte,
runne away: My Conscience sayes no; take heed honest *Lance-*
let, take heede honest *Gobbo*, or as aforesaide, honest *Launcelet*
Gobbo, do not runne, scorne running with thy heeles. Well, the
most couragious fiend bids me packe. *fi* sayes the fiend, away
sayes the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue mind sayes the
fiend, and runne. Well, my conscience hanging about the neck
of my heart, sayes very wisely to me; My honest friend *Lance-*
let, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans
sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something
grow too, he had a kinde of taste: well, my conscience sayes
boughe

the Merchant of Venice.

bouge not ; bouge saies the fiend ; bouge not sayes my Conscience. Conscience say I you counsell well ; Fiend say I you counsell ill. To be rul'd by my Conscience, I should stay with the Iew my master, who (God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell ; and to runne away from the Iew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who (sauiug your reuerence) is the Diuell himselte. Certainly the Iew is the very diuell incarnall, and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsell me to stay with the Iew. The fiende giues the more friendly counsaile, I will run fiend, my heeles are at your command, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gobbo. Master yong man, you I pray you, which is the way to Master Iewes ?

Lance. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, 'who being more then sand blind, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try conclusions with him.

Gobbo. Master yong Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Iewes ?

Lance. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left ; marry at the verie nexte turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly vnto the Iewes house.

Gobbo. Be Gods fonties twill bee a hard way to hit, can you tell me whither one *Lancelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him, or no ?

Lancelet. Talke you of young master *Lancelet* ? Marke mee now, now will I raise the waters :

Talke you of yong M. *Lancelet* ?

Gobbo. No master sir, but a poore mans sonne.

His Father (though I say it)

Is an honest exceeding poore man,

And God be thanked, well to liue.

Lancelet. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of yong master

The Comical History of

Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend, and *Lancelet* fir.

Lan. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong *M. Lancelet*.

Gob. Of *Lancelet* an't please your mastership.

Lan. *Ergo* master *Lancelet*, talke not of maister *Lancelet* Father; for the yong Gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such braunches of learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain terms, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my very prop.

Lance. Do I looke like a cudgell or a houell poste, a staffe, or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy (G O D rest his soule) aliue or dead.

Lance. Do you not know me Father?

Gob. Alacke fir, I am sand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his own child. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, giue mee your blessing; Trueth will come to light, Murther cannot be hidde long, a mans sonne may, but at the length trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you fir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Lance. Pray you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue me your blessing; I am *Lancelot* your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lance. I know not what I shall thinke of that, but I am *Lancelet* the Iews man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeede, ile be sworne if thou bee *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt
might

the Merchant of Venice.

might he be, what a beard hast thou got? thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my pilhorse has on his tale.

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his tayle then I haue of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doest thou and thy Master agree? I haue brought him a present; how agree you now?

Lance. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; My master's a very Iew, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeed giues rare new liueries, if I serue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iew if I serue the Iew any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Exit one of his men.

Lance. To him Father.

Gob. God bleesse your Worship.

Bass. Gramercy, wouldst thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Lance. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that wold sir, as my father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Lance. Indeed the short and the long is, I serue the Iew, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Master and he (sauing your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins.

The Comical History of

Lan. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father, being I hope, an olde man, shall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship: and my sute is——

Lan. In very briefe, the sute is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shal know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you sir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy sute, *Shylocke* thy master spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment To leaue a rich Iewes seruice, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Lan. The old Prouerbe is very well parted between my master *Shylocke* and you sir, You haue the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well. Go Father with thy sonne, Take leaue of thy old master, and enquire My Lodging out. Giue him a Liuary More garded then his fellowes, see it done.

Lan. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I ha nere a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in *Italy* haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vppon a booke, I shall haue good fortune. Go too, heere's a simple line of life, here's a smal trifle of wiues: Alas, fiftene wiues is nothing, eleuen *VViddowes* and nine maids, is a simple comming in for one man, and then to escape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, heere are simple scapes: well, if Fortune bee a woman, shee's a good wench for this geere. Father, come, ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,

Returne

the Merchant of Venice.

Returne in hast, for I do feast to night,
My best esteem'd acquaintance, hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavors shall be done heerein.

Exit

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio.

Bass. Gratiano?

Gra. I haue a sute to you.

Bass. You haue obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must. But heare thee Gratiano,

Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eies as ours appeare not faults,
But where thou art not knowne. Why there they shew
Something too lib'rall: prethee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wilde behauiour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, heare me:
If I do not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than;
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while Grace is saying, hood mine eies
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen:
Vse all the obseruance of ciuility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent,
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we do to night.

Bass. No that were pittie,
I would entreate you rather to put on.

Youe

The Comical History of

Your boldest sute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpose merriment: but faryewell,
I haue some businesse.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time.

Exeunt.

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Iessica. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merry diuell
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse,
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Masters guest,
Giue him this Letter, do it secretly,
And so farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Lance. Adew, teares exhibite my tongue, most beautifull Pa-
gan, most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and
get thee, I am much decciued; but adew, these foolish drops do
something drowne my manly spirit: adieu.

Exit.

Iessica. Farwell good *Lancelet*.

Alacke, what heynous sinne is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy louing wife.

Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will flinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We haue not made good preparation.

Salar. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,

Salanio. Tis vile, vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure a clocke, we haue two houres

To

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter Lancelot.

To furnish vs ; friend *Lancelot*, what's the newes ?

Lan. If it please you to breake vp this, it shall seeme to signifie,

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
Is the faire hand that writ.

Grat. Loue newes, in faith.

Lance. By your leaue sir.

Loren. Whither goest thou ?

Lance. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iew to sup to night
with my new Master the Christian.

Loren. Hold here take this, tell gentle *Jessica*,
I will not fayle her, speake it priuately.

Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit Clownes

Salar. I marry, ile be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging,
Some houre hence.

Salar. Tis good we do so.

Exit.

Grat. Was not that Letter from faire *Jessica* ?

Loren. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and iewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages sure she hath in readinesse,
If ere the Iew her father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake,
And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Vnlesse she do it vnder this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew :
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire *Jessica* shall be my Torch-bearer.

Exit.

Enter the Iew and Lancelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge,
The diffrence of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*;

D

What

The Comical History of

What *Jessica*, thou shalt not gourmandize
As thou hast done with me : what *Jessica* ?
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out,
Why *Jessica* I say.

Clowne. Why *Jessica*.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Jessica*,
There are my keyes; but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet ile go in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Christian. *Jessica* my gyrl,
Looke to my house. I am right loth to go,
There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money bagges to night.

Clowne. I beseech you sir go,
My yong Master doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So do I his.

Clown. And they haue conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske; but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black monday last, at fix a clock in the morning, falling out that yeare on Ashwensday was four yeare in th'afternoone.

Shy. What, are there maskes? Heare me *Jessica* :
Locke vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the Casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publike streete,
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces :
But stop my houses eares, I meane my Casements,
Let not the sound of shallow fopperry enter
My sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I sweare,
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night :

But

the Merchant of Venice.

But I will go. Go you before me sirra,
Say I will come.

Clowne. I will go before sir.
Mistresse looke out at a window for all this,
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a *Iewes* eye.

Shy. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.

Ief. His words were, Farewell mistris, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
More then the wilde Cat : Drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one, that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately,
Do as I bid you, shut doores after you,
Fast binde, fast finde,
A Prouerbe neuer stale in thrifty minde.

Exit

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.

Exit.

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salarino.

Gra. This is the pent-house vnder which
Lorenzo desir'd vs to make stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* pigeons flye
To scale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfited.

Gra. That euer holds : who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vntreade againe
Histedious measures, with the vnbad fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enioy'd.

The Comicall History of

How like a younger or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her native bay,
Hugd and embraced by the strumpet winde,
How like the prodigall doth she returue
With ouer-wetherd ribs and ragged sayles,
Leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode
Not I, but my affaires haue made you waite :
When you shal please to play the theeues for wines
Ile watch as long for you then : approach,
Here dwels my father *Jew*. Ho, whose within ?

Iessica above.

Iess. Who are you ? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.

Iess. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much ? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours ?

Lo. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art

Iess. Here, catch this Casket, tis worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you do not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange :
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Iess. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames,
They in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why tis an office of discouery, Loue,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you sweete,
Euen in the louely garnish of a boy,
But come at once, for the close night

Doth

the Merchant of Venice.

Doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Iess. I will make fast the doores, and guild my selfe
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight.

Grat. Now by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her hartily,
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proo'd herselfe,
And therefore like herselfe, wise, faire and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Antonio*.

Ant. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be vnder sayle, & gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the Curtaines, and discouer
The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choise.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

The Comical History of

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will suruay th'inscriptions backe againe,
What sayes this leaden Casket?

Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath,
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.

What sayes the siluer with her virgine hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.

As much as he deserues, pause there *Morocho*,

And weigh thy value with an euen hand,

If thou beest rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserue enough, and yet enough

May not extend so farre as to the Lady;

And yet to be afeard of my deseruing,

Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady,

I do in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

But more then these, in loue I do deserue.

What if I ~~A~~raid no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:

Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her.

From the foure corners of the earth they come

To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanion deserts, and the vasty wildes

Of wide *Arabia*, are as through-fares now

For Princes to come view faire *Pertia*.

The watry Kingdome, whose ambitious head

Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre

To stop the forraine spirits, but they come

As

the Merchant of Venice.

As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.
One of these three containes her heavenly picture.
Is't like that leade containes her, t'were damnation
To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
To rib her sere-cloth in the obscure graue,
Or shall I thinke in siluer shee's immur'd,
Being ten times vnder-valewed to tride gold,
O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem
Was set in worse then gold. They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bod
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Heere do I choose, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what haue we heere, a carrion death?
Within whose empty eye there is a written scroule,
He reade the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath solde,
But my outside to behold,
Guilded timber do wormes infold:
Had you bene as wise as bold,
Young in limbes, in iudgement old,
Your answer had not bene in scrolde,
Fare you well, your sute is cold.*

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost,
Then farwell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue; thus losers part.

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, goe,
Let all of his complection choose me so.

Exit.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Comical History of

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why man, I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship I me sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Salan. The villaine Jew with outcries raide the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was vnder saile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand,
That in a Gondylo were seene together
Lorenza and his armorous *Iessica*.

Besides *Antbonio* certified the Duke,
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Salan. I neuer heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the Dog Jew did vtter in the streetes,
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my christian ducats.
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter.
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich & precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the gyrlc,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

Salar. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good *Antbonio* looke he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessell of our country richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Antbonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Salan.

the Merchant of Venice.

Salan. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare,
Yet do not sodainely, for it may greeue him.

Salar. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part :

Bassanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne : he answered, do not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue :
Be merry, and employ your cheefest thoughts
To Courtship, and such faire ostents of loue,
As shall conueniently become you there.
And euen there his eye being bigge with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him ;
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.

Salan. I thinke he onely loues the world for him :
I prethee let vs goe and finde him out,
And quicken his embraced heauinesse,
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so.

Exeunt

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruitor.

Ner. Quicke, quicke, I pray thee, draw the Curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.

Por. Behold, there stand the Caskets Noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Srraight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd :
But if you faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Arra. I am enioyn'd by oath to obserue three things.
First, neuer to vnfold to any one

E

Which

The Comical History of

Which Casket twas I chose. Next, if I faile
Of the right Casket, neuer in my life
To woe a maide in way of marriage :
Lastly, if I do faile in fortune of my choise,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare,
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe. :

Arr. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope : Gold, Siluer, and base Lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
VVhat sayes the golden Chest? ha, let me see,
VVho chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
VVhat many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole-multitude, that chuse by show :
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
VVhich pries not to th'interiour; but like the Martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not chuse what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
VVhy then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou dost beare :
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
And well said too, for who shall go about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
VVithout the stampe of merit, let none presume
To weare an vnderferued dignity :
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
VVere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honor
VVere purchac'd by the merit of the wearer,
How many then should couer, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low pezantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor,

Picke

the Merchant of Venice.

Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times
To be new vernish'd? well, but to my choise,
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert. Giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arrag. VVhat's heere, the portrait of a blinking Ideot,
Presenting me a sedule? I will reade it.
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes, and my deseruings.
Who chooseth me shall haue as much as he deserves.
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed Natures.

Arrag. VVhat heere?

Heereads.

*The fire seuen times tried this:
Seuen times tried that iudgement is,
That did neuer choose amis.
Some there be that shadowes kis,
Such haue but a shadowes blis:
There be fooles aline I wis,
Silver'd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.*

Still more foole I shall appeere,
By the time I linger heere,
VVith one fooles head I came to woe,
But I go away vvith two.
Sweet adieu, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my vvroath.

Portia. Thus hath the candle findg'd the Moth.
O these deliberate fooles, vvhen they do choose,

The Comicall History of

They haue their wisdome, by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destiny.

Por. Come draw the Curtaine *Nerrissa*.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?

Por. Heere, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich valew; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.

A day in Aprill neuer came so sweet,
To shew how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praising him:
Come, come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exit.*

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Salar. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Antonio* hath a
ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrowe seas; the Goodwins
I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, & fatal, wher
the carkasses of many a tall shippe lie buried, as they say, if my
gossips report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would shee were as a lying gossippe in that, as euer
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbors beleue she wept for the
death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slippes of
prolixity, or crossing the plaine highway of talk, that the good

Antio.

the Merchant of Venice.

Antonio, the honest *Antonio*, O that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company.

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Sal. Ha, what saist thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might proue the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say Amen betimes, least the deuill crosse my prayer, for heere he comes in the likenesse of a Jew.

Enter Shylocke.

How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Marchants?

Shy. You know, none so well, none so well as you, Of my daughters flight.

Salar. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor That made the wings she flew withall.

Salan. And *Shylocke* for his owne part knew the Birde was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the Dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Salan. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuory: more between your bloods, then there is between red wine & rennish: but tell vs, do you heare, whether *Antonio* haue had at losse a sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigal, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond: he was wont to call me vsurer, let him looke to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtisie, let him looke to his bond.

Salar. Why I am sure if he forget, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To baite fish withall; if it will feede nothing els it will feed my reuenge: he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my na-

The Comicall History of

tion, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friendes, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason, I am a Iewe. Hath nos a Iewe eyes? hath not a Iew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food? hurt with the same weapons? subiect to the same diseases? healed by the same meanes? warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you pricke vs, do we not bleede? If you tickle vs, do we not laugh? If you poyson vs, do wee not dye? And if you wrong vs, shall we not reuenge? If wee are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Iew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, Reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Iewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why Reuenge? The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Salar. We haue bene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Salar. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne Iew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Sby. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Sby. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost metwo thousand ducats in Frankford. The curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now: two thousande ducats in that, and other precious precious iewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: O would shee were hearst at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin. No newes of them, why so: and I know not whats spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone vvith so much,

the Merchant of Venice

much, and so much to finde the Theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights on my shoul-
ders, no sighes but of my breathing, no teares but of my shed-
ding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill luck too, *Antonio* as I heard
in Genoway.

Shy. What, what, what ill lucke, ill lucke?

Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, ist true? ist true?

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the
wracke.

Shy. I thanke the good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha
ha, heere in Genoway.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in Genoway, as I heard, in one
night, fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my golde
again; fourescore ducats at a sitting! Fourescore ducats!

Tuball. There came diuers of *Antonios* Creditours in my
company vnto Venice, that sweare that hee cannot choose but
breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I
am glad on't.

Tuball. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your
daughter for a Monkey.

Shy. Out vpon her: thou tortur'st me *Tuball*, it was my Tur-
kies, I had it of *Leab* when I was a Batchellor. I would not haue
giuen it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Antonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go *Tuball*, see mee an
Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart
of him if he forfeit. For were he out of Venice I can make what
merchandize I will go: go *Tuball*, and meete me at our Syna-
gogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt*

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all
their Traines.*

Portia.

The Comicall History of

Per. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard : for in choosing wrong
I loose your company, therefore forbear a while,
There's something tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not lose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere some moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you do, you'l make me wish a sinne,
That I had bene forsworne. Beshrew your eyes,
They haue ore lookt me, and diuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say ; but if mine then yours,
And so all yours. O these naughty times
Puts barres betweene the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eck it, and to dravv out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Per. Vpon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
What treason there is mingled vwith your loue.

Bass. None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me feare th' inioying of my loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Twene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

Per. I but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced do speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth,

Per. Well then, confesse and liue.

Bass.

the Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Confesse and loue,
Had bene the very sum of my confession :
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answeres for deliuerance :
But let me to my fortune and the Caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerrissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
Then if he lose, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musicke. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And watry death-bed for him : he may win,
And what is musicke then? Then musicke is
Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bow
To a new crownd Monarch : Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming Bridegroomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, payd by howling *Troy*,
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the *Dardanian* wiues,
With bleared visages come foorth to view
The issue of th'exploit : Goe *Hercules*,
Liue thou, I liue with much more dismay
To view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

*A song, she whilst Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
It is engendered in the eye,*

Replie, reply.

F

Wib

The Comicall History of

With gazing fed, and Fancie dies :

In the cradle where it lyes,

Let vs all ring Fancies knell.

Ile begin it,

Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least the selues
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of euill. In religion
What damned error but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grossenes with faire ornament :
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some of vertue on his outward parts ;
How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
As staires of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valours excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you shall see tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it :
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which maketh such wanton gambals with the wind,
Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea : the beautilous scarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty ; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore thou gaudy gold,

Hard

22
the Merchant of Venice.

Hard foole for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
Twene man and man : but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
Thy paleness moues me more then eloquence,
And heere choose I, ioy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
And shyddring feare, and greene-eyed iealousie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure range thy ioy, scant this excesse,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For feare I surfet.

Bass. What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
Hath come so neere creation? moue these eyes?
Or whither riding on the ball's of mine
Seeine they in motion? Heere are seuerd lips
Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such sweet friends : heere in her haires
The painter playes the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes,
How could he see to do them? hauing made one,
Me-thinks it should haue power to steale both his,
And leaue it selfe vnfurnisht : yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In vnderprizing it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behind the substance. Heer's the scroule,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,
Chance as faire, and choose as true :
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,*

F 2

And

The Comicall History of

*And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kisse.*

A gentle scroule : Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue ;
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes ;
Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt,
Whether those pearles of praise be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady, stand I euen so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Per. You see me Lord *Bassanio* where I stand,
Such as I am ; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full summe of me
Is summe of something ; which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnleson'd gyrl, vnschool'd, vnpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne : happier then this,
She is not bred so dull, but she can learne ;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours, to be directed
As from her Lord, her Gouvernor, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe ; and euen now, but now,
This house, these seruants, and this same my selfe

Are

the Merchant of Venice.

Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or giue away,
Let it presage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Madame, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speakes to you in my veines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some Oration fairely spoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude.
Where euery something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, saue of ioy
Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say *Bassanio* is dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue stood by and scene our wishes prosper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I do beseech you
Euen at that time I may be married to.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one,
My eies my Lord, can looke as swift as yours;
You saw the Mistresse, I beheld the Maid;
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you,
Your fortune stood vpon the Casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter fals:
For wooing heere vntill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very roose was dry,
With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last.
I got a promise of this faire one here,

The Comicall History of

To haue her loue : prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her Mistris.

Por. Is this true, *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And do you *Gratiano* meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. Wee'l play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats

Ner. What, and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes heere, *Lorenzo* and his infidell?

What, and my olde venetian friend, *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.

Bass Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intrest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome : by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
Sweete *Portia* welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your Honour, for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did entreate me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it. Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in minde : his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

He opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheere yon stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?

How

the Merchant of Venice.

How doth that royall Merchant, good *Antonio*?

I know he will be glad of our successe,

We are the *Iasons*, we haue won the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,

That steales the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek,

Some deare friend dead, else nothing in the world

Could turne so much the constitution

Of any constant man : what worse and worse?

With leaue *Bassanio*, I am halfe your selfe,

And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing

That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweete *Portia*,

Heere are a few of the vnpleasantst words

That euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady,

When I did first impart my loue to you,

I freely told you all the wealth I had

Ran in my veines, I was a Gentleman,

And then I told you true : and yet deere Lady,

Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see.

How much I was a Braggart, when I told you

My state was nothing, I should then haue told you

That I was worse then nothing ; for indeed

I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,

Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy

To feed my meanes. Heere's a Letter Lady,

The paper as the body of my friend,

And euery word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*?

Hath all his ventures faild ? what, not one hit,

From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,

From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,

And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch

Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.

Besides, it should appeare, that if he had

The

The Comicall History of

The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it : neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man,
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.

Jessica. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Country-men,
That he would rather haue *Antonios* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him : and I know my Lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your deare friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deereft friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and vnwearied spirit
In doing courtesies : and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares,
Then any that drawes breath in *Italy*.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand Ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him six thousand & deface the bond,
Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanios* fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend ;
For neuer shall you lye by *Portias* side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along ;

My

the Merchant of Venice.

My maide *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will liue as maides and widdowes ; come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

*Sweet Bassanio, My ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors grow
cruell, my estate is very low : my bond to the Iew is forfet, and since in
paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all debts are cleered betweene
you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, vse
your pleasure ; if your loue doe not perswade you to come, let not my
Letter.*

O Loue ! dispatch all businesse, and be gone.

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to go away,
I will make hast. But till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Iew, and Salarino, and Anthonio,
and the Iaylor.*

Iew Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Iaylor, looke to him.

An. Heare me yet good *Shyllocke*.

Iew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond :
I haue sworne an oath, that I will haue my bond.
Thou cald'st me dogge before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dogge, beware my fangs.
The Duke shall grant me iustice : I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

An. I prethee heare me speake.

Iew. Ile haue my bond ; I will not heare thee speake ;
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.

G

Ile

The Comicall History of

He not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
He haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
He follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.
He seekes my life, his reason well I know:
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to mee,
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
This forfeiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of Law:
For the commodity that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of his state,
Since that the trade and profit of the City
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greefes and losses haue so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Vell Iaylor on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a
man of Portias.*

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You haue a noble and a true conceite
Of God-like amity, which appears most strongly,
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,

How

the Merchant of Venice.

How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke,
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the time together,
Whose soules do beare an equall yoke of loue,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit:
Which makes me thinke, that this *Anthony*
(Being the bosome-louer of my Lord) &
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule,
From out the state of hellish misery.

This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things

Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne. For mine owne part,
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband, and my Lords returne.
There is a Monastery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my loue, and some necessity
Now layes vpon you.

Lor. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*,
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
And so farewell till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy hours attend on you.

The Comicall History of

Ies. I wish your Lady-ship all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you : farewell *Jessica*.

Exeunt.

Now *Balthaser*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still : Take this same Letter,
And vse thou all th'indeuour of a man
In speede to *Mantua* ; see thou render this
Into my Cofins hands, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speede
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferry
Which trades to Venice : waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Bai. Madam, I go with all conuenient speede.

Exit.

Por. Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of. Wee'l see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs.

Ner. Shall they see vs?

Por. They shall *Nerrissa* : but in such a habite,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke. Ile hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparreld like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voice, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies sought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed :
I could not doe withall. Then ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them ;
And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue-month. I haue within my minde
A thousand raw trickes of these bragging iackes,

VVhich

the Merchant of Venice.

VVhich I will practise.

Ner. VVhy, shall we turne to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my whole deuce
VVhen I am in my Coach, which stayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore hast away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day.

Exeunt

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clo. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise ye I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, ther is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Ies. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clo. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Iessi. That were a kind of bastard hope indeede, so the sins of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clo. Truly then I feare you are damn'd both by Father and Mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fal into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Ies. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a christian.

Clo. Truly the more to blame he; we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of hogs, if we grow all to be Porke-eaters, we shall not shortly haue a rasher on the coles for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. Ile tel my husband *Lancelet* what you say, here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Lancelet*, if you thus
get.

The Comical History of

get my wife into corners.

Ies. Nay, you neede not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Lancelet* and I are out; he tels me flatly, there's no mercy for me in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good member of the Common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Lor. I shall answere that better to the Common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negros belly; the Moore's with childe by you *Lancelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason; but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Lor. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats. Go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they haue all stomackes.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit-snapper are you: then bid the prepare dinner.

Clo. That's done to sir, onely couer is the word.

Lor. Will you couer than sir?

Clo. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy witte in an instant? I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: Goe to thy Fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clo. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meate sir it shall be couered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deere discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An army of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickie word
Defie the matter: how far'st thou *Jessica*?

And

the Merchant of Venice.

And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio's* wife?

Ies. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord *Bassanio* liue an vpright life,
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady.
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, then
In reason he should neuer come to heauen.
Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Euen such a husband hast thou of me,
As she is for wife.

Ies. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that.

Lor. I will anon, first let vs go to dinner.

Ies. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke.

Lor. No prethee, let it serue for table talke,
Then howsoere thou speakst mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Ies. Well, ile set you forth.

Exit.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificos, Anthonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano.*

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

An. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stony aduersary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapeable of pittie, voide and empty
From any dram of mercy.

An. I haue heard,
Your Grace hath tane great paines
To qualifie his rigorous course:
But since he stands obdurate,

And

The Comickall History of

And that no lawfull meanes can carrie mee
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his furie, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The verie tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Iew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shyllocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shyllocke the world thinkes, and I thinke so to,
That thou but ledest this fashion of thy malice
To the last houre of act, and then tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercie and remorse more strange,
Then is thy strange apparant cruelty :
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
(VVhich is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh)
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue,
Forgiue a moiety of the principall ;
Glancing an eie of pittie on his losses,
That haue of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe,
And plucke commisseration of his state
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborne Turkes, and Tartars neuer train'd
To offices of tender curtesie ;
VVe all expect a gentle answer Iew.

Iew. I haue possesst your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
To haue the due and forfet of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Citties freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue

the Merchant of Venice.

Three thousand Ducats? He not answer that,
But say it is my humor, is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand ducats
To haue it baird? what, are you answered yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat:
And others when the Bagpipe sings i'th nose,
Cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes: now for your answer.
As there is no firme reason to be rendred,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig?
Why he a harmlesse necessary Cat?
Why he a woollen Bagpipe; but of force
Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,
As to offend, himselfe being offended:
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodged hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthony*, that I follow thus
A losing sute against him, are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou vnfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Euery offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What wouldst thou haue a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand vpon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his vsuall height,
You may as well vse question with the Wolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heauen:

H

You

The Comicall History of

You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seeke to soften that, then which what's harder :
His Iewish heart ? therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,
But with all brieft and plaine conueniency
Let me haue iudgement, and the *Jew* his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is sixe.

Jew. If euery ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in sixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond.

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none ?

Jew. What iudgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
You haue among you many a purchast slaue,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
Because you bought them, shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires ?
Why sweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
Be season'd with such viands ; you will answer,
The slaues are ours, so do I answer you ;
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is deerely bought, tis mine and I will haue it :
If you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
I stand for iudgement, answer, shall I haue it ?

Duke. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Vnlesse *Bellaris* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue sent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.

Saler. My Lord, heere stayes without,
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring vs the Letters, call the Messenger.

Bass. Good cheere *Antonio*, what man, courage yet :
The *Jew* shall haue my flesh, blood, bones and all,

Ere

the Merchant of Venice.

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antho. I am a tainted weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Bassanio*,
Then to liue still and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerissa.

Duke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both, my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there

Gra. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh *Jew*
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesse
Of thy sharpe enuy: can no prayers pierce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let iustice be accusde;
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleete,
And whilst thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam,
Infusde it selfe in thee: for thy desires
Are woluish, bloody, staru'd and rauinous.

Jew. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond,
Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud;
Repaire thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To curlesse ruine. I stand heere for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by,

H 2

To

The Comicall History of

To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.

Duke. With all my heart; some three or foure of you
Goe giue him courteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarios* Letter.

Your Grace shall understand, that at the receite of your Letter I am
very sicke; but in the instant that your Messenger came, in louing vi-
sitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthazer*:
I acquainted him with the cause in controuersie betweene the Jew and
Antonio the Merchant; we turned ore many Bookes together, hee is
furnished with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning, the
greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my
importunity, to fill up your Graces request in my stead. I beseech you,
let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend esti-
mation, for I neuer knew so young a body with so olde a head: I leave
him to your gracious acceptance, whose triall shall better publish his
commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazer.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere I take it is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause:
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Jew?

Duke. *Antonio* and olde *Shylocke*, both stand foorth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Jew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impunge you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, doe ye not?

Ant. I, so he sayes.

Por.

31

the Merchant of Venice.

Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the *Jew* be mercifull.

Shy. On what compulsion must I, tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath: it is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and maiesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew lik'^t Gods,
When mercy seasons iustice: therefore *Jew*,
Though iustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercy. I haue spoke thus much
To mitigate the iustice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
Must needs giue sentence gainst the Merchant there,

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I traue the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond,

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority,

The Comicall History of

To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbs this cruell diuell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a Decree established :

Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an errour by the same example,
Will rush into the state, it cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to iudgement : yea a *Daniel*.
O wise young Iudge, how I do honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

Shy. Heere tis most reuerend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylocke*, ther's thrice thy money offred thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
Shall I lay periury vpon my soule ?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neereft the Merchants heart ; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour,
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge,
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath bene most sound : I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deseruing Pillar,
Proceed to iudgement : by my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I stay heere on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the iudgement.

Por. Why then thus it is,
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Shy. O noble iudge, O excellent young man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Shy.

the Merchant of Venice.

Shy. Tis very true : O wise and vpright iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes.

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Shy. I, his breast,

So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?

Neereft his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?

Shy. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon *Shyllocke* on your charge,
To stop his wounds, least he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest, but what of that?

Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.

Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd,

Giue me your hand *Bassanio*, far you well,

Greeue not that I am false to this for you :

For heerein Fortune shewes her selfe more kinde

Then is her custome : it is still her vse

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow,

An age of pouerty : from which lingring pennance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife,

Tell her the processe of *Anthanios* ende,

Say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death,

And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a loue :

Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he payes your debt.

For if the *Jew* do cut but deepe enough,

Ile pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deare to me as life it selfe,

But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,

The Comicall History of

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.

I would lose all, I sacrifice them all

Heere to this diuell, to deliuer you.

Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I haue a wife, who I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
Entreate some power to change this currish *Jew*,

Ner. Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house.

Jew. These be the christian husbands, I haue a daughter,
Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.

Jew. Most rightfull Iudge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Jew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth giue thee here no iote of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the lawes of Venice, confiscate
Vnto the State of Venice.

Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke *Jew*. O learned Iudge.

Sky. Is that the Law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd
Thou shalt haue iustice, more then thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Iudge, marke *Jew*, a learned Iudge.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,

And

32
the Merchant of Venice.

And let the Christian go.

Bass. Heere is the money.

Por. Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft no hast
He shall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Iew, an vpright iudge, a learned iudge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more,
But iust a pound of flesh : if thou cutst more
Or lesse then a iust pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,
Or the diuision of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple ; nay, if the scale do turne
But in the estimation of a haire,
Thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel Iew,
Now infidell I haue you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me go.

Bass. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

Por. He hath refusd it in the open Court,
And shall haue meere iustice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall ?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy perill Iew.

Shy. Why then the deuill giue him good of it :
He stay no longer heere in question.

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against any alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seize on halfe his goods ; the other halfe

The Comicall History of

Comes to the priuy coster of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say, thou standst :
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to
Thou hast contriued gainst the very life
Of the defendant : and thou hast incurd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.

Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy self,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hangd at the States charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it :
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthorios*,
The other halfe comes to the generall State,
Which humbleness may driue vnto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for *Anthorio*.

Sby. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house : you take my life
When you do take the meanes wherby I liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthorio*?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake.

An. So please my Lord the Duke, & all the Court,
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content ; so he will let me haue
The other halfe in vse, to render it
Vpon his death vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian :
The other, that he do record a gift
Heere in the Court, of all he dies posselt

the Merchant of Venice.

Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to go from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christning shalt thou haue two Godfathers,
Had I bene iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not the Font.

Exit.

Duke. Sir, I intreate you home with me dinner.

Por. I humbly desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meete I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not.
Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisdom bene this day acquitted
Of greuous penalties, in lew whereof,
Three thousand ducats due vnto the Iew,
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and seruice to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

I 2

Bass.

The Comicall History of

Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue, ile take this ring from you.
Do not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this.

Bass. This Ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

Por. I will haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.

Bass. There's more then this depends vpon the vaw:
The dearest Ring in Venice I will giue you,
And finde it out by Proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon mee?

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to begge, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a begger should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this Ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor loose it.

Por. That scuse serues many men to saue their giftes,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd the Ring,
She would not hold out enemy for euer,
For giuing it to me: well, peace bee with you.

Exeunt

An. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him haue the Ring,
Let his deservings and my loue withall,
Be vaw'd gainst your wiues commandement.

Bass. Go *Gratiano*, runne and ouertake him,
Giue him the Ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto *Antonios* house, away, make hast.

Exeunt Gratiano.

Come

the Merchant of Venice.

Come you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont, come Antonio.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jewes house out, giue him this deede,
And let him signe it, wee'l away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deede will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane,
My Lord Bassanio vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this Ring, and doth intreate
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be,
This Ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylockes house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you.
Ile see if I can get my husbands Ring,
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall haue old swearing
That they did giue the Rings away to men,
But wee'll out-face them, and out-sweare them too,
Away, make hast, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house?

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The Moone shines bright.
In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the Trees,

I 3.

And:

The Comical History of

And they did make no noyse, in such a night,
Troilus me-thinks mounted the *Trojan* wals,
And figh'd his soule toward the *Grecian* Tents
Where *Cressida* lay that night.

Iessica. In such a night
Did *Thisbe* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And saw the *Lyons* shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
To come againe to *Carthage*.

Iessica. In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an vnthrift loue did runne from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.

Iessica. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he loued her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrew)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Iessica. I would out-night you did nobody come:
But hearke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend.

Messen. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My mistris will before the breake of day

Bee

the Merchant of Venice.

Be heere at *Belmont*, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlockes houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Messen. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistris of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Sola, sola: wo ha, ho sola, sola.

Loren. Who calles?

Clown. Sola, did you see *M. Lorenzo*, *M. Lorenzo*, sola, sola.

Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clown. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere.

Clown. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be heere ere mor-
ning, sweete soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,
And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, signifie I pray you.
Within the house, your mistris is at hand,
And bring your musicke foorth into the ayre.
How sweete the Moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares soft stilnesse, and the night
Become the tutches of sweete harmony:
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattents of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eide Cherubins;

Such

The Comical History of

Such harmony is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossely cloye in it, we cannot heare it.
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with him a hymne,
With sweetest touches pierce your mistris eare,
And draw her home with Musicke.

Musicke playes.

Ies. I am neuer merry, when I heare sweete Musick.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentiuē :
For, do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and vnhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing lowd,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they perchance but heare a Trumpet sound,
Or any aire of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
Their sauage eies turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweete power of musicke. Therefore the Poet
Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since nought so stockish hard and full of rage,
But musicke for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not mou'd with concord of sweete sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Terebus* :
Let no such man be trusted. Marke the Musicke.

Enter Nerrissa and Portia.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames,
So shines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moone shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse.
A substitute shines brightly as a King.

Vntill

37

the Merchant of Venice.

Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an in-land brooke
Into the maine of waters : Musicke, harke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madam of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day.

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke,
When neither is attended : and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren.

How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection.
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes
The Cucko, by the bad voyce.

Lor. Deere Lady, welcome home.

Por. We haue bin praying for our husband health,
Which speed we hope the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet :
But there is come a Messenger before,
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you,

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinkes is but the day light sicke,
It looks a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid.

K

Enter

The Comical History of

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauy husband,
And neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God sort all: y'are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thanke you Madame, giue welcome to my friend,
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house,
It must appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtisie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it (*Loue*) so much at hart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
That she did giue me, whose poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers poetry
Vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the poesie or the value;
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You should haue beene respectiue, and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke; no God's my Iudge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra.

the Merchant of Venice.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.

Ner. I, if a woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,
A prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
A thing stucke on with oaths vpon your finger,
And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him sweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands;
I dare be sworne for him he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,
And twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeed
Deseru'd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.

Bass. If I could adde a lye vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen so void is your false heart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed,
Vntill I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I againe see mine.

The Comicall History of

Bass. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whome I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Per. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Of halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honor to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring.
What man is there so much vnreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of zeale, wanted the modesty
To vrge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerrissa teaches me what to belecue,
He die for't, but some woman had the Ring.

Bass. No by my honor Madam, by my soule
No woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And begd the Ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go away displeas'd,
Euen he that did vphold the very life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
For by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue begd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthy Doctor.

Per. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
He not deny him any thing I haue,

No,

the Merchant of Venice.

No, not my bodie, nor my husbands bed :
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lye not a night from home : watch me like Argos,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honor, which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue that Doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke : therefore be well aduised
How you do leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well do you so : let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the yong Clarkes pen.

An. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes,
Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that.
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe :
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credite.

Bass. Nay, but heare me,
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare,
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

An. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband Ring,
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety ; giue him this :
And bid him keepe it better then the other.

An. Heere Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keepe this Ring.

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him ; pardon me *Bassanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,

The Comical History of

In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
In summer, where the wayes are faire enough.
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it?

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a Letter, reade it at your leisure,
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*,

There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witnesse I set foorth as soone as you,
And euen but now return'd; I haue not yet
Entred my house. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in store for you
Then you expect; vnseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour sodainly.

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this Letter.

Ant. I am dumbe.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me Cuckold?

Ner. I, but the Clarke that neuer meanes to do it,
Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweete Doctor) you shall be my bed-fellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. Sweet Lady, you haue giuen me life and liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine, that my Ships
Are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*,
My Clarke hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. I, and ile giue them him without a fee,
There do I giue to you and *Iessica*
From the rich Iew, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possesst off.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
Of starued people.

Por.

the Merchant of Venice.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I me sure you are not satisfied
Of these euent at full. Let's go in,
And charge vs there vpon intergotories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergotory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
That I were couching with the Clarke.
Well, while I liue, ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* Ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

